

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— Cowper.

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Our Dumb Animals.

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Kingbirds.

Signor de Vivo, the opera and concert manager, brightens his country home near New York with a complete aviary. Not long ago he trapped a young kingbird, and ever since the capture of the little fellow its parents have hovered near the cage and take turns in watching, tending and protecting it, bringing it all the delicacies of the bird *menu*, and chattering to it incessantly notes of comfort and consolation. The bravery of the kingbird is proverbial, for, though small, they have frequently been known to attack and rout so large a bird as the hawk. In the present instance their bravery is displayed in a remarkable degree. Should any one approach the cage, they fly down from their leafy watching places and attack the intruder fiercely and pluckily, pecking at him with their beaks and making the effort to look at the young kingbird a not altogether pleasant one.—*Ex.*

Very pleasant for Signor de Vivo, but how is it with the kingbird, deprived of his liberty?—[*Ed.*

Their Silence.

The sin of cruelty to animals is aggravated by two circumstances. First, by the great obligation under which we lie to the dumb creation, which are our servants. We owe so much to the horse, the mule, the cow, the faithful watchdog that we ought to treat them kindly, nay gratefully. The want of these and other animals would be a felt calamity. But we ought to remember that the sin is aggravated by their *silence*. They are dumb. If you are ill-used, you can cry for aid, and secure it. If you are hungry, you can beg for bread, and get it; but the poor dumb beast cannot ask for food, nor appeal for protection to the officer of a law court. Hence the crime of the man who ill-uses his beast is aggravated by the meanest and most contemptible cowardice. If the bully or the blusterer in a fit of passion strikes his equal, he may receive a blow in turn, or he may be severely chastised for his fit of temper; or if his antagonist, through self-respect, only sees fit to administer a dignified rebuke, he still gets the worst of the encounter, but the ill-used beast cannot thus retaliate; therefore the cruel monster who mercilessly abuses the beast he rides or drives is the very meanest and most dastardly of all cowards.—*Rev. Dr. Irvine.*

Spare and Protect the Birds.

There has been and there is a great demand for the wings and plumage of our finely colored birds for the purpose of decking ladies' bonnets. It has become a regular business to trap or kill our feathered friends to supply that demand. Indeed our woods are becoming "cleaned out," so to speak. The benefit done by the birds cannot be calculated. It has become quite a labor, or almost impossible, to raise good crops of fruit, grain or vegetables, owing to the wholesale destruction of the birds. So most of the state laws are in force for their protection, but not often enforced. People do not seem to be aware that parties are prowling around the country and clearing the woods and groves of the best friend man has. They come out with baskets, traps, etc., and generally return laden with spoil. They should be looked after, and the benefit done to the community, and the fines and rewards offered, should suffice to pay for any trouble which may be taken to have them arrested and fined as they should be.—*N. Y. Witness.*

The Destruction of Humming-Birds.

Jamaica.—We have two magnificent ceibas, or silk-cotton trees, not far from the house, on which there must be many millions of dark crimson and maise-colored blossoms, with a perfume very much like that of the Turk's cap-lily,—rather too powerful for a bouquet; but when mingled with the perfumes of other trees by the breeze, it is truly delicious. Among the blossoms, the humming-birds are darting in and out like sparks of emerald and crimson fire; but unfortunately their number is being rapidly reduced by the woman-kind of England, who will decorate their heads with the lovely little bodies, which ought never to be seen except on the wing. Unfortunately, too (such is the course of fashion), the negro women here are adopting the same mode, and I fear there is not much doubt that the humming-bird will soon be exterminated. It is, indeed, a shame to destroy these little beauties in the ruthless manner they are being destroyed at the present time.—*Cor. Land and Water.*

If we should substitute United States for England, and include other birds and the feathers of other birds, some ladies who read our paper might ask if, in any way, they contribute to the destruction of any ornamental birds.—[*Ed.*

Custer's Tenderness.

Custer's strong points as a soldier were his almost unapproachable bravery, his dash, ardor, confidence, and his self-possession and composure, that were never shaken in the most desperate resorts.

Yet I have seen tears in his eyes that were drawn out by the sufferings of a dog. One of the tender points in his nature was his sympathy for brutes. He never allowed an animal to be abused, or to suffer in any way, if it was in his power to prevent it. I have seen him dismount robust men from half-starved horses, and have heard him order soldiers punished for abusing beasts.

MANY a poor beast in yoke or harness has felt the whip and heard the enraged words of savage men who have vented the unrest and anger of their unhappy hearts on the beasts they were driving. They tried to apologize to themselves for this brutality by saying, that nobody ever had such vicious and contrary beasts as they.

Vivisection.

Physiology is the most complex and refined of all the natural sciences; and, in addition to its intrinsic difficulties, it is the one in which the experimental method requires the highest skill. You can examine a dead machine without altering its mode of working. Directly you cut into a living machine called an animal organism, you throw it into an abnormal state, which introduces a number of new and incalculable elements. You can open the case of a watch without injuring the internal works. You can't take off an animal's skull without setting up all manner of abnormal processes. The most skillful physiologists speak most emphatically of the narrow limits within which alone it is possible to take an organism to bits, and investigate profitably the working of its component parts. When, therefore, physiologists claim the right to make scientific experiments, we have a right to retort that the experiments must be made scientifically. In other words, they must be made by thoroughly competent persons, in pursuit of a definite object, and with all proper means and appliances. In the interests of science, as much as in the interests of humanity, it is desirable that the progress of knowledge should not be hampered by the accumulation of experiments which are not only useless, but illusory. An incompetent observer does not simply fail to obtain an answer, but he obtains wrong answers. It is a good thing to discover the cause of a disease; but it is purely mischievous to attribute diseases to non-existent causes. Even if there were no question of cruelty at all, it would be desirable to discourage the random experiments of incompetent persons. They cast false lights instead of casting new lights. In this case, indeed, no legal discouragement would be desirable. The sham inquirer would be a fool, and a rather mischievous fool; but bare folly is not an object for punishment. When, however, humanity demands restrictions, science has plainly nothing to say against them. I am justified, the operator replies, by science. But science, rightly understood, rejects the appeal. Such experiments, it replies, are at best utterly useless, and the chances are that they are positively mischievous. What, then, can be the meaning of this shriek about science, except to perplex a clear case or to express vague jealousy? If, indeed, it can be made out that it is impossible to restrict the many ignorant without restricting the few wise, some case may be made out. That is a question of facts; but till it is clearly made out that the wheat must go with the tares, we have a right to demand a thorough process of weeding. The argument, in short, that vivisection produces a net balance of happiness is easily met. Vivisection, under proper restrictions, may produce a balance of good; vivisection, such as those restrictions would suppress, produces nothing but harm,—harm to the animal, harm to the operator, and harm to science.—*Cor. Cornhill Magazine.*

An ocean bird, of great docility, intelligence and spirit has been found in Iceland, which flies at a meteor-like speed of 150 miles an hour, and is able to find home, over sea and land, from any part of the inhabitable world. A pair of these birds, a few days ago, brought despatches from Paris to a lonely spot, congenial to their nature, in a wild and rocky part of Kent, within ten miles of London, in one hour and a quarter. Press carrier-pigeons took the despatches on to the city, the whole distance from Paris to London, by actual parcel mode of conveyance, being done within one hour and a half. If the experiments at present being made in training and educating them continue successful, it is hoped by next summer to establish a daily miniature ocean mail between America and Europe, the whole distance to be traversed between sunrise in one hemisphere and sunset in the other.

WE are never rendered so ridiculous by qualities we possess as by those we affect to have.

The Stolen Nest.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

BY ALICE CARY.

O, good painter! tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)—
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me.
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear, blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,—
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise;
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now.

Out in the fields, one summer night,
We were together, half-afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade,
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door.

Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nestful of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely into the face
Of the urchin that is likeliest me;
I think 'twas solely mine indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—take good heed—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies;
And Oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise.
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry-tree,
The mother, the lads, with their bird, at her knee;
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

Sagacity of Elephants in a Storm.

Howe's circus was showing at Indianola when the storm of the Fourth came on, and because of injury to the railroads was compelled to remain there until the track was temporarily repaired. Then the circus started for their next place of exhibition. When about eight miles out one corner of a bridge gave way, and three cars containing animals ran off the track and turned over into the mud, very gently. The first car contained horses, the second an elk and camel; the other three the five elephants. The small animals were easily liberated, but the elephants were all in a heap. To remove them the car was cut away, exposing the tops of the unwieldy animals' backs. Then was exhibited the intelligence which marks these half-human brutes. They obeyed every command of the keeper, crawling on their knees, turning on their sides, squirming like eels, and assuming more wonderful and novel positions than were described on the show-bills. When released from their perilous position there was not a scratch upon them, and no school-boy ever gave more emphatic expressions of relief from confinement than did those elephants. They trumpeted, swayed back and forth, and did everything but talk. The remaining distance to the city was made overland, and a happier crew never started on a march than were those animals. The cool, breezy atmosphere and the bright moonlight were all-inspiring. As the bridges were gone, at each stream the elephants took fresh enjoyment of their liberty. At no time were they obstinate or disobedient, but seemed to fully realize the situation. On arriving at Des Moines railway cars had to be procured, which was not easily done, as ordinary cars are too low. Some were finally found which were about one inch higher than the tallest elephant's back. They were brought alongside and the platform properly placed, when Jack noticed that it was a strange car, seized the door-frame with his trunk, gave it a vigorous shake and then tried the floor. Satisfied that it was strong he marched slowly into the car, placed himself lengthwise, gave a rocking motion and humped his back. A bolt overhead hit his back, and he marched straight out of the car. "It's no use," said the keeper, "he won't go back there again." The ribs which support the roof were removed, the elephants closely watching the operation. When this was done Jack went in, swayed himself, rocked the car, humped his back, found everything all right, trumpeted his satisfaction and went to eating.—*Davenport (Ill.) Tribune.*

Bird's-eye Views.

It may safely be said that birds seem to have much more capacity for perceiving beauty, much more gift for social enjoyment, a finer knowledge of distance and direction, and more power of vocal imitation, than any other order of animals of which we know anything. On the other hand, they have less sense of power and sympathy than the dog, and therefore much less sense of responsibility to their superiors, whom they often love, but seldom serve. Perhaps we might generalize these mental qualifications by saying that birds are chiefly educated by perceptions, wonderfully accurate indeed, but still of things at a distance, of things at an almost telescopic range; that their rapidity of flight makes them creatures of wide experience, but not of full experience of any species but their own; and that as a result, they cannot know men well enough to learn as much from men as dogs, and cats, and elephants, and even other orders of creatures learn. Birds, in short, get bird's-eye views of the earth, and bird's-eye views, however instructive to those who have previously mastered the details carefully, do not exactly furnish a good basis for progressive knowledge. They obviously get a knowledge of geography, and in some sense of the air and its currents, such as no other creatures can have. They have an ear for music and an eye for harmony of form and color.

The First Cats.

Of all carnivorous animals whose natural instincts are ferocious, the cat is the only truly intelligent one, and the most susceptible of attachment. It is easily tamed and domesticated, but withal, it never resigns its freedom entirely, like the dog or the horse.

The exact date of its domestication is not known. Cats are not mentioned in any portion of the Bible, we believe; the *Tsytin* there referred to being most probably jackals or wolves. Tame cats were common among the people of the East many centuries ago, for they are alluded to in old manuscripts dated some two thousand years back. The cat was introduced among the Egyptians towards the year 1668 B. C., and they called it *Maou* or *Mai*. Its rarity and usefulness doubtless gave it a rank with the sacred animals, so that its species might be protected by law and popular superstition from all harm, and be allowed to grow and multiply in perfect safety. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that representations of this animal are to be seen on many of the ancient monuments of Egypt, while quantities of bronze figures and mummies of cats have been exhumed in and around Thebes and other cities.—*Hearth and Home*.

MRS. B.'S PARROT was very fond of crackers and milk and so was Tom, her cat, who would watch his chance to rob poor Polly's tin cup, running his long fore-paw through the bars of the cage and taking out piece by piece until the dish was empty. One unlucky day Tom sat by the side of the cage, Polly, as usually, scratching his head and whispering in an unknown language, when, as sudden as a flash of lightning he grabbed the cat's tail in his bill and bit off nearly an inch as smoothly as if it had been done with a knife. Then, such roars of triumph, laughter and fun! he did not stop screaming for an hour. Tom stole no more!

An Incident of Camp Life.

Captain C., in writing from his camp on the frontier, says:—

"Just now I have a world of trouble on my hands, for a little bird has built a nest on a small projection over my door, and has raised five bouncing babies, and they will *keep tumbling out of bed*, and I have to jump up, whatever I am doing, many times a day, and put them back, or the dogs or cats would make a meal of them. One of them fell out to-day on my big dog Mack's back and fastened his claws in his long hair. Away went Mack, and I after him, in full chase; you may imagine I had some trouble in seeing the little woolly head half buried in the dog's glossy coat. I give the mother plenty to eat, so that she may get them strong, and off my hands."

Immortality of Animals.

Everything connected with the works of God must of necessity be of deep interest to us to whose high and holy office it pertains to teach others about God and his works. We must not (at all events in these days of science and scepticism) shrink from questions regarding the relation of the Creator to the creatures of his hand merely because those questions may seem to us to be abstruse or devoid of practical interest. But I might add, further, that it seems to me to be of real moment that we should have clear ideas of the "destiny of the lower animals," in order that we might be able the more fully to impress upon those who come under our teaching the imperative duty of kindness, tenderness, and even love towards those creatures of God whom he has placed around our path in life. If the horse, the dog, or the cat which belongs to us has a nature like our own as regards its incorruptibility—if only it be probable or possible that a future life is reserved for our domestic pets, surely we shall be ourselves inclined to regard them in a higher light than we have hitherto done, and shall teach others also to do the same.—*Rev. J. F. Moor, Jr.*

Love Thoughts Woven with the Thread.

The young wife sits upon the porch,
And busily her distaff plies;
The while she thinks upon her babe,
And gently murmurs lullabies.

When through the open cottage door
A little wail the mother hears,
She hastens to the cradle side
To soothe and quiet baby's fears.

Unheeded, on the mossy step
The well-used distaff lies;
The robins, from the garden-walk
Watching it with longing eyes.

They hop a little nearer now,
Then, listening, raise their heads,
Till o'er the distaff hovering close,
They snap its fluttering threads.

The housewife stepping on the porch,
Takes up her work once more,
And little thinks two petty thieves
Have robbed her thrifty store.

And yet, her lullaby to-night
Would be more glad, I ween,
Could she but peep between the boughs,
And see what might be seen.

Hidden by apple-blossoms pink,
Is built a robin's nest,—
With lining soft of hair and down,
Where birdlings five will rest.

And twisted in with wondrous art,
And tireless, loving toil,
See in the middle of the nest
The distaff's flaxen spoil.

None the less soft for little birds
Will be the pretty bed,
Because a human mother's thoughts
Are woven with the thread.

—Emily C. Ford, in *St. Nicholas*.

German Singing Birds.

Flowers and singing birds are universally accepted as the emblems of the vernal season, and are as inseparable from the time of spring as the "thoughts of love" on which, we are told, the young man's fancy "lightly turns" at that time of the year. Our native gardens and fields are bright with flowers, but the other emblems—the singing birds—are not everywhere plentiful, unless we accept the poor little caged canary, chirruping his song from his miniature perch and monotonously pecking at his cuttle-fish, as an emblem.

A number of the German residents of Cincinnati, awakened to action doubtless by the budding of the spring flowers, and perhaps prompted by their warm love of "Fatherland," last year set on foot a movement for the importation of singing birds from their native country to the neighborhood of that city, including the German blackbird and the golden finch, the starling, and the German lark, which closely resembles his English brother, and others.

The importation of German singing birds is not a new idea, but has been tried before with considerable success, though never, we believe, with so much promise. The cost, which cannot be very large, is considered nothing, when compared to the pleasant results which are hoped for. The birds, it is believed, will soon become accustomed to their new home, and those which seek warmer climates in the winter months will return to the neighborhood of Cincinnati in the spring.

Here we have our little sparrows to enliven the city parks and gardens, but it must be confessed that the little pets, with their conceited bearing and self-sufficient airs, would be doubly interesting if they could do something more than chirrup.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

A Cruel Fashion.

[We are desirous to know if the statements in the following article are true, and where the cruelties are practised.—Ed. O. D. A.]

No lady could witness without horror the process of preparing for use the feathered ornaments on women's hats. If those who wear such ornaments knew the tortures to which these helpless little creatures are subjected, they would shrink from even indirect complicity in it. The impression prevails that all such birds are killed immediately when caught, and prepared in the ordinary way by taxidermists; but here is just where the mistake is made. The birds are taken alive, and, while living, the skin is skilfully stripped from their quivering, ghastly bodies. By this process it is claimed the feathers retain a firmer hold upon the skin. Think of the exquisite humming-bird, the bluebird, the cardinal-bird, the oriole, and numberless others of beautiful plumage, struggling beneath the knife of the heartless operator; think of this, tender-hearted ladies, as your admiring gaze rests on the latest novelties in fashion by which our city belles are crowned! Hundreds of thousands of birds of the brightest plumage are literally flayed alive every year, and, so long as our ladies will consent to wear such ornaments, just so long will this cruel business continue. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has placed herself at the head of a movement in England designed to put an end to the brutal business, and it is to be hoped that she will meet with cordial encouragement and coöperation on this side of the Atlantic.—*New York Sun*.

Chapters of Retributive Horrors.

He was paralyzed with an awful nightmare—he wished to cry out or run for escape, but could not—his arms were stretched out in painful tension, and had been so for hours, but he could not withdraw them; his neck had been twisted for hours, over his shoulder, in one position, till his whole body shook and quivered in an agony of pain; he could not scream, nor move his head for relief—resistless clamps were upon him; and as his waking eyes, almost straining from their sockets, gazed out on the darkness and began to gain power of vision, he beheld, dimly, a terrible, fiery horse, with mouth wide open, blowing sulphurous flames, slowly but firmly approaching him, and he, paralyzed, prostrate, and unable to flee.

The faithful carriage-horse, that had been cruelly checked tightly up all day, had broken the check-reins; and now, in his anger and might, was charging fiercely upon his driver, who had so shamefully tormented him in the wicked pride of making him look showy, by checking his head and neck up in one painful position for long hours together. But he is awake now!

May all drivers suffer even a more terrible nightmare, who so misuse their noble, faithful horses and mules.

Then, that other low fellow found himself tied close to a solid post, his back against it, a cord around his body and legs, and a telegraph wire across his nose, and wound tightly around the post behind him, so that he could not move at all, except to swing his arms frantically about him; before him, at a short distance, stood a huge, angry mule, skilfully darting his heels at his face, a little nearer every shot; sweat and blood and froth were pouring from his mouth and nose, in very fright, and terror, and pain. He woke from a dream, asleep in his wagon, to see his mule checked up with bridle so tight as to cut the poor animal's mouth till it was raw and bloody, while its head and neck were trembling and cramped up in pain; and a deep warning voice said "Loosen the check to relieve the suffering animal, and see thou torment him no more."

There are many others who may take a hint from the morals of these scenes; this unfair and cruel checking up horses is one of the most outrageous abuses.—*Maryland Farmer*.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, August, 1876.

Sick Veal!

We have adopted this title to what we have to say, for two reasons: first, to attract attention to the article, and second, because many of the calves from which veal is taken *are sick* when they are killed. Why? Because *they have been bled* some days before being slaughtered; bled, sometimes, till they are so weak they cannot stand, cannot bleat. What for? To make the veal white. For what purpose? To please the fancy of customers! Veal is said to *look* better if white, and hence *sells* better to *those who do not know that the animal was faint and sick from loss of blood* when killed, and had been so for days before.

Meat taken from any other sick animal would not be eaten under any circumstances; and "customers" would refuse it directly. But "custom" has made it seem necessary to bleed calves, and the people who have eaten the meat have not dreamed that the animal was in an unnatural condition.

Butchers would be glad to be relieved from this practice, and it only remains for purchasers to demand red veal, and refuse white, and the remedy is applied.

Articles written by distinguished physiologists and physicians have been published, showing that our statements are correct in regard to the condition of the bled animals. It is well known that people are often made sick by eating veal. Why should it have that effect more than the meat of other young animals, if in a healthy condition? May not the answer be found in the statements we have made. Let us hope that the public will awake to this evil, and *hereafter demand unbled veal*.

Will all our members and subscribers help us in our efforts to stop calf-bleeding?

"Frisk and his Flock."

The above is the title of a recent story of school-life in a fine old-fashioned house in a quiet country village, with trees and flowers and fruit all about,—only the school is not held in the house at all, but in the charming old barn-chamber, so that there's plenty of room for play in wet days as well as in dry.

But it is not of the school, nor yet of the rosy, merry little people who go to it, that we have space to speak. It is Frisk, the wise, romping, and sagacious dog,—Frisk, that draws out our finest sympathies! We feel sure that the children who love him so dearly would wish us to name him first, and to draw special attention to his good qualities. The story, of which we have not space to give a sketch, even, is simple, the language well chosen, the action natural, and the lessons it unobtrusively teaches are all good.

We are glad always to notice books which make the good qualities of animals prominent; and in this, the intelligence and fine influence of the dog, as a companion and educator of children, is happily exhibited.

How many horses suffered during the late hot period by the thoughtlessness of their owners or drivers!

An Appeal to Butchers.

Since its organization, in 1868, our Society has endeavored, in various ways, to induce the butchers of Massachusetts to abandon the cruel practice of bleeding calves before slaughtering.

While very many of the butchers are opposed to "bleeding," and would gladly abandon the practice, they feel that the demands of a portion of their patrons compel them to continue it. But as the community becomes more enlightened on this subject, they become correspondingly averse to eating the meat of animals that have in any manner been abused; and hence we find a class, constantly increasing in numbers, that refuse to purchase veal that has been bled.

We are quite ready to presume that butchers have followed the custom simply because it is a custom, and from no desire to either subject an animal to unnecessary suffering, or to be called other than law-abiding citizens. In view of the fact that the custom is demonstrated by the highest medical authority to be a bad one, that it is a violation of the statute law, to say nothing of the moral law, may we not appeal to butchers to abandon the custom. Butchers willing to do so will oblige us by sending their names to our office, as we design making up a list of names so received, which will be sent to all prior to January 1, 1877, so that each may know who is coöperating with him in the work.

Why Some Pets Have Long Life.

A lady on Beacon Hill has had a remarkable experience in keeping pet animals to an unusual old age. Her pet dog lived to be twenty, her canary sixteen, and, most remarkable of all, a Baltimore oriole twenty, and the family horse is still well preserved at thirty years of age. Now, this lady does not believe in, and does not practise, severity with these animals, but bestows an affection upon them which they entirely reciprocate. Is it not fair to suppose that the treatment they have received has contributed to their long life?

The Parachute Turkey.

A small donation was lately sent us from New Bedford. A friend who knew of the circumstances, says:—

It may be interesting to yourself and the public to know that this money was given to the lady who sends it, for returning a turkey that had been taken up in a balloon, and, with a parachute attached, was dropped at the height of a mile or a mile and a half. The parachute soon collapsed, and became a hindrance rather than a help to the poor victim of a cruel taste. The turkey came down in a tree in an exhausted condition, and with one of its eyes torn out. I am sorry to add that, notwithstanding a petition, signed by a number of our citizens had been sent to our city marshal, for the enforcement of the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and our mayor, as well as the chairman of the committee of arrangements for the 4th of July celebration, of which this was a part, had been requested to prevent this act of cruelty, they proved of no avail.

A CANARY-BIRD saved the house of George Bockins, of Little Britain, Pa., from burning up, the other night. It set up such screams as to arouse the family, just in season to extinguish the flames, which had got under good headway in the kitchen.

No Seat, No Pay.

In the Cincinnati board of aldermen a street-car ordinance has been introduced which contains, amongst other provisions, this clause:

"Every passenger shall be provided by the conductor with a seat inside the car, and in no case shall fare be collected or demanded from a passenger unless such a seat is furnished upon his or her entering the car. The rule of 'no seat, no pay,' shall be strictly adhered to by all conductors. Any conductor guilty of a violation of this provision shall, on conviction thereof, be liable to a fine of \$10 and costs of prosecution."

In England cars are only licensed to carry a certain number of people, and any infringement of the law would bring about a revocation of the license. Overcrowding cars in this country is a source of great inconvenience to passengers, and cruel to the poor animals pulling the cars.

Keep Watering-Troughs Clean.

In Boston, we are sorry to say, the watering-troughs are often used for improper purposes, rendering them unfit for horses' uses. In one place particularly *fish are washed* in the troughs! Children often play about the troughs, and make the water unclean, and annoy the horses. The police have been requested to look after this.

Driving Cattle in Hot Weather.

Much complaint has been made during the late hot weather on account of the cruelty to cattle and sheep in driving them from Brighton through Boston to the various depots for shipment. All the animals suffered exceedingly, and many died. In the weak condition in which many of them arrive here from the West, it is painful enough to be driven, even under *favorable* circumstances; but in such extreme heat as we have experienced of late, their sufferings are greatly increased. Often boys are employed as drivers, and they have little judgment and less humanity, their only object being to arrive at the end of their route and get their pay.

We might urge two other objections to this course; viz., the injury to the meat and the danger to persons in the crowded streets during the day. The first is a slow poison; the other, sudden death or severe injury, by being tossed or trampled on by the animals.

Efforts have been made to induce the city government to pass an ordinance to limit the driving to the night hours, which are cooler, and the streets are comparatively free from people.

But the cruelty is not confined to cities. Many country butchers buy their cattle at Brighton and Watertown, and some of them use little judgment in getting them home. Food and rest are often denied them, and they are urged forward often when in great distress.

The following Act, passed by the last legislature, gives town and city authorities power to regulate this matter in some degree:—

AN ACT authorizing Cities and Towns to regulate the Driving of Cattle over Public Ways.

Any city or town shall have power to regulate, by suitable ordinances or by-laws, to be made in the manner now provided by law, the passage and driving of sheep, swine and neat cattle through and over the public streets, ways, causeways and bridges within the limits of such city or town, and to annex penalties not exceeding fifty dollars for each violation thereof.

"Evil is wrought for want of thought
As well as for want of heart."

Shooting Birds for Scientific Purposes.

At several sessions of the board of selectmen, some one has been licensed to shoot birds for scientific purposes. It would seem that the demands of science were very extensive and exacting, when so many scientific sportsmen, especially boys, are licensed to furnish a supply. We hear a great deal of complaint at the apparent looseness with which this thing is being carried on. Boys are licensed to shoot birds for scientific purposes; these boys in turn employ others to work for them; so that one license covers quite a number of juvenile shooters, and the woods are kept quite musical with the report of guns. Nests are broken up and the feathered tribes are disturbed and scattered. We are rather of the opinion that this scientific pretence is largely a sham, designed to further that desire to be popping at everything that has wings and feathers, which is inherent in the nature of many boys. We are further of the opinion that the interests of science would be better advanced if our selectmen would look into this matter a little more thoroughly and revoke a few of the licenses which have been granted.—*Woburn Advertiser.*

Cruelty to a Horse Rebuked.

A few days ago a man drove his horse to the Winslow House, half-way up Kearsarge Mountain, and tying him under the stable went to the top of the mountain. The horse stood there all day with nothing to eat. The man came down at night, and was about starting off when the landlord put in appearance and demanded fifty cents. "What for?" asked the man. "For cruelty to animals," replied the landlord; "in leaving your horse all day under my stable with nothing to eat. If you had done it in Massachusetts they would have fined you \$20." The man paid his half-dollar and drove down the mountain.—*Transcript*

The landlord above named spends his winters in Massachusetts, and, we are glad to know, has adopted the prevailing sentiment in this State which we are constantly trying to encourage.—[Ed.]

"LAND AND WATER," devoted to natural history, out-door sports, etc., and edited by Frank Buckland, says the bite of a sound dog is perfectly harmless, and not one in twenty-nine persons bitten by really hydrophobic dogs becomes rabid. This ought to be reassuring to the people who are frightened about hydrophobia.

THE toad, so says "Forest and Stream," almost universally despised and upbraided for his ugliness, is yet a useful, good-natured, quiet fellow, who recognizes his friends and those who are kind to him. Like the sparrow, the toad has been considered a nuisance, and in some sections has been exterminated; but the exterminators have been only too glad afterwards to get him back by the expenditure of large sums of money. So useful are toads in gardens, that they are sold in France by the dozen for the purpose of stocking gardens to free them from many injurious insects. The toad lives almost entirely on winged insects, and never does harm to plants.

THE use of a tight bearing-rein is a source of great suffering, it tends to waste the strength, to injure the wind, keeps the neck in a very unnatural and painful position, frets and injures the corners of the mouth, but does not prevent a horse falling, as it falls with him; whereas, if he is allowed the free use of his head, he will generally be able to save himself from falling. If a tight bearing-rein is used, it is impossible for a horse to put out all his power, especially in ascending a hill. If drivers could but be persuaded to try the effect of throwing it off, they would be convinced of the truth of this remark, by the greater ease with which the work would be accomplished.

A Valuable Discovery.

A man drawing a handcart, for example, with a looped strap over his shoulder, and fixed to a point within the shafts,—very common in Paris,—displays that strap or trace alternately tight and slack; if he walks quickly, the tension is abrupt; if he runs, a veritable shock occurs at every step. These shocks, whether in the case of a man or a horse, are the results of the intermittent efforts. Proceeding by jerks, the draught is naturally accomplished by shocks. The problem is, to make this traction uniform instead of intermittent. This is effected by the intervention of a spring, whether of metal or India rubber, or encased rings of both, between the trace and the vehicle. The shock annihilates the living force; the spring stores that force and utilizes it, and the man or the horse is no longer fatigued by inconvenient jerks. The experiments in Germany confirm those already executed in France, that by the interposition of an elastic trace, between the horse and the wagon, twenty-five per cent. of the motive-power is economized; in a word, the quarter of a horse gained.—*Paris Correspondence of N. Y. Daily Witness, July 24, 1876.*

The above is not a discovery; it is an invention, the result of a careful analysis of the movements by which men and animals progress. These movements have engaged the attention of specialists for two centuries. It was *Marey*, however, who quite recently, by means of simple, yet ingenious machines, developed in a series of curves, inscribed by the movements themselves upon prepared surfaces, all the pulses, or periods of alternate motion and rest, with all their phases, which are developed in the various paces of men and horses. He was, by this means, able to show, among other curious things, the great loss of power resulting from these interrupted movements. As a consequence, he was enabled to suggest intelligently the introduction of an "intermediate elastic medium" between the man or horse and the load to be moved, which should act as a reservoir of force,—after the well-known principle of the fly-wheel in circular motion. Further, he has demonstrated by the same "graphic" method the progressive contraction of the muscles, showing that the movement is wave-like, passing from one end of a muscle to the other, the time occupied in the wave-movement being appreciable by actual measurement. These two demonstrations explain fully the facts cited above, and known to every one who has reflected upon the subject, that traction by muscular power proceeds in a series of shocks or impulses.

Practically, an invention like the above, if safe and simple in its adjustments, would be a great boon to all heavily loaded draught animals, relieving them from many strains and galls. It would be an added luxury to the carriages of the wealthy, doing for the forward movement in a relative degree what springs have done for the vertical movement. The increased power gained would make such an invention a paying investment,—increasing the available work of the animal, and greatly diminishing the chances of injury to them. Here is a chance for our inventors. s.

The duplex whiffletree in our Centennial exhibit embodies something of this idea. [Ed.]

THE owners of horses would do well to remember the responsibility that rests upon them, as to the care and attention due from them to the animals they own, and that minister so much to their pleasures, comfort, and profit.

CASES INVESTIGATED

BY OFFICE AGENTS IN JULY.

Whole number of complaints, 131; viz., Overloading, 8; over-driving, 9; beating, 10; driving when lame and galled, 38; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 16; torturing, 6; driving when diseased, 8; cruelty in transportation, 4; abandoning, 1; general cruelty, 31.
Remedied without prosecution, 32; warnings issued, 37; not substantiated, 30; not found, 7; prosecuted, 17; convicted, 10; pending trial, 4; under investigation, 8.
Animals killed, 42; temporarily taken from work, 28.

FINES.

From Justices' Courts.—Waltham \$50.
District Courts.—First Southern Middlesex, \$10; First Bristol (paid at Jail), \$5.
Municipal Courts.—Two cases (one paid at Jail), \$20; Southern District, \$20; W. Roxbury District, \$5; Brighton District, seven cases (one paid at Jail), \$43; East Boston District, \$25.
Superior Court.—Suffolk County (two cases), \$15.
Witness Fees.—\$8.20.

BY COUNTRY AGENTS, SECOND QUARTER, 1876.

Whole number of complaints, 518; viz., Beating, 66; overloading, 59; overdriving, 63; working when lame or galled, 147; working when diseased, 34; not providing food or shelter, 38; torturing, 21; abandoning, 16; general cruelty, 74.
Not substantiated, 38; remedied without prosecution, 448; prosecuted, 32; convicted, 28; animals killed, 41; temporarily taken from work, 77.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY THIS MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss C. H. Clarke, \$5; A. Friend, \$2; Miss L. M. Alline, \$2; Mrs. R. T. Payne, Jr., \$25; Mrs. W. H. Brown, \$2; Henry Day, \$5; Mrs. F. Reed, \$1.50; W. T. Carlton, 50 cents; E. W. Willard, \$5; Mrs. C. S. Rogers, \$1; Mrs. Champion, \$2.60.

SUBSCRIBERS ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Miss C. L. Taylor, Mrs. W. A. Robinson, N. P. Luckett, A. Allen, Mrs. G. Edison, N. P. Baker, Mrs. W. F. Parrott, Miss L. Titcomb, Nichols & Fletcher, G. L. Cade, Mrs. G. T. Richardson, Mrs. H. M. Jacobs, Mrs. A. Irving, R. Wood, A. Vinal, E. Hawes, L. Magoun, E. P. Cassel, H. H. Eagar, R. Warren, F. Butler, J. A. Bacon, Miss H. Day, G. H. Chapman, Jr., T. Almy, Mr. H. M. Small, D. Seaver, W. Studley, Crane, Waite & Co., J. L. Newhall, A. C. Leonard, B. Howard, Miss A. Hussey, J. Hale, Miss A. F. Richards, E. G. Lucas, W. H. Slater, A. M. Smith, W. B. Woodward, H. McCall, E. Webb, E. D. Abell, Mrs. G. Pratt, Mrs. G. F. Colburn, Mrs. S. Goddard, Miss J. Goddard, W. T. Carlton, Mrs. C. S. Rogers.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. C. W. Wetmore, E. Dana, J. H. Parsons, C. E. Daniels, Miss M. E. Wood, F. Morse, W. Stimpson, Mrs. G. R. Pevear, Miss N. S. Fairbank, J. C. Barnes, L. Sanderson, C. W. Ranlet, Miss E. G. Hanon, Mrs. G. E. Head, Mrs. W. Sanders.

VARIOUS SUMS.

A. H. Weaver, 50 cents; S. A. Hall, 25 cents; Mrs. Wm. Cobb, \$1.50; Mrs. R. Huggins, \$30; Unitarian S. S., Northfield, \$2.67.

New Drinking-Troughs in Boston.

It affords us pleasure to report that the Water Board have erected new troughs for animals, as follows:—

1. Haymarket Square.
 2. South Boston, corner Fourth and Emerson streets.
 3. Atlantic Avenue, opposite foot of Summer Street.
 4. Corner Merrimac and Causeway streets.
 5. Atlantic Avenue, near Rowe's Wharf.
- At Brighton:—
1. On Union Square.
 2. Market Street, near Cattle Fair Hotel.
 3. Corner Market Street and Western Avenue.
 4. Corner Western Avenue and North Harvard Street.

Also, fountains for "speaking animals":—

1. Corner Fourth and Q streets, South Boston.
2. Causeway Street, at Lowell Depot.
3. Corner North Square and North Street.

Watering-Troughs.

METHUEN.—Troughs, 4; roadside brooks, 10.
HALIFAX.—Two more troughs since last report.
FALMOUTH.—Troughs, 8; several roadside brooks.

Children's Department.

Enjoying His Reward.

The noble dog sleeping so quietly in the warm sunshine, has earned his right to rest and comfort. Who so faithful as he? All through the nights, when all the household is locked fast in sleep, his quick ears have listened to every sound; and had danger come near, his deep voice would have sounded the alarm, and, if need be, his life would have been given to defend those whom he loves so well. So let him bask in the warmth, and have his doggy heart warmed anew into gratitude to the kind mistress who treats him so well.

Bob, The Fireman's Dog.

One of the most useful dogs we have ever seen or heard of is "Bob," the fireman's dog. Whenever the fire-bell rings, there is no one in a greater hurry to "be off" than Bob. The noble animal runs before the engine, and clears the way. Arrived at the scene of the fire, no one is more ready to "obey orders" than Bob. He will run up ladders, jump through windows, and enter dangerous rooms more quickly than any of the firemen! . . . In one case, a house was on fire, Bob was there as usual. The firemen thought that all the inmates had been got out of the house. Bob, however, knew better. He kept barking and scratching at a small door. The firemen ordered Bob "to hold his noise, and get away." Although usually a very obedient dog, Bob barked louder than ever, and seemed almost to say, "Be quick; do open this door!" The firemen were afraid that if this door was opened, it might make the fire burn more rapidly; but, as Bob was so very boisterous, one of the firemen said, "There's some reason why Bob makes this ado; let's break open the door!" The door was burst open, when the astonished firemen found a poor little child, who, but for Bob, might have been burned to death!—*Children's Album.*

Mr. Turtle.

What would you say,	And never needs
If I should tell	To go home to bed.
Of a fellow small,	Wherever he stops
In a house of shell?	He fares very well,
Would you believe it,	For he always keeps
If I should declare	His own hotel.
He carries his house	His living is cheap,
With him everywhere?	For he pays no rent,
He travels about	Therefore he ought
Where his mind is led,	To be very content.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

THREE little children strayed into the woods, in Oregon, and were lost till the next day, when the youngest child was found lying flat on his back, chilled to numbness, and perfectly helpless. A little dog had followed the children off. This faithful creature was found lying on top of the child, and endeavoring to keep its little master warm. It seems remarkable that instinct should have taught the dumb brute so much; for had it not been for the warmth derived from the dog's body, the child would inevitably have perished with cold. Search was continued for the other missing children, and they were found locked in each other's arms nearly frozen.

ENJOYING HIS REWARD.

*Willie by the Brook.*

Willie lay by the dimpling brook
Where the sun had lain before;
And, strange to say, when its place he took
The spot just brightened the more.

The birds were singing in the blue
A song that was like a hymn;
While the baby ducklings, two by two,
Strayed into the water to swim.

"Heigho!" sighed Willie, "I cannot fly,
Nor even so much as float;
And as for singing like robins, why
I never could raise a note."

"But I can play on my pipe," said he:
And soon the music came—
So clear and sweet, so blithesome free
That it put the birds to shame.

The baby ducklings softly splashed,
The robins yet harder tried,
The sprinkled grass in sunlight flashed,
As it nodded by Willie's side.

And, before he knew, he was floating free
On a sparkling river of thought;
While the birds in the air came down to see
What wonder the pipe had wrought.

And still the music softly rose,
Still Willie was floating free—
And the little ducks with their funny toes,
Were happy as happy could be.

—St. Nicholas.

Johnny and His Dogs.

BY ANNIE R. WHITE.

"Good gracious, Hetty, what's Johnny bringing here now?" said Mrs. Calder, as she gazed anxiously out of the kitchen window, as she ceased kneading her dough, to look at her little boy.

"Why, mother, if it isn't another dog!"

Johnny came in, half-leading, half-dragging a dog, who winked and blinked, with an appealing look, as if he was not sure what sort of a reception he would meet.

"See, mamma, what I have got! Another—"

"Don't tell me; I can see. What do you mean, Johnny, by bringing home so many dogs?"

"And such looking dogs, too," interposed his sister Hetty. "Lame, sick, and deformed,—you never did pick up a pretty one, yet."

"Because there were no pretty ones to pick up," answered Johnny, quickly. Then, seeing the smile in his mother's eyes, at his convincing answer, he considered that he had gained his point, and followed it up with,—

"Say, mamma, I can own him, can't I?"

"I don't imagine anybody else will care to 'own' him, so I'll have to consent. Well, it is a good thing we have a big barn, and it's a long way from the house, else you would turn the house into a canine asylum, and we'd either have to build extra rooms, or move out altogether, to give them a chance."

Johnny ran and kissed his mother, telling her she was the "best mamma in all the world," and hunting up some scraps of bread and meat, he was soon out in the barn, with his treasure where he made him a nice bed of the sweet-smelling hay, in one corner of the stable. "So as to be near the horses, mamma, you know," he told her afterward, "for he'll always go with us to town, then; he'll run behind the wagon."

She made no reply, for she didn't wish to disparage her boy's taste too far; but she decided in her own mind that when they were going to town, she should take particular care to lock him up. She didn't want such an ugly-looking dog as that going to town with her.

It was true that Johnny had picked up nearly a dozen such pets as this one, in his brief ten years of life, already; and his taste did not seem to be very highly cultivated on this point, either. There was Rover, a dog so old and rough-looking, some inhuman person had turned him out to die. Johnny took him in, and made his last hours comfortable; then there was Jack, who was nearly blind; and Stump, who had no tail; and Friz, who was so cross Johnny himself was a little afraid of him; and Spot, whose hair was all off in patches. These pets had all had their day,—some had proved ungrateful and run away again, some had died, and one or two yet lingered about, making trips back and forth, to enjoy his hospitality.

This new dog was no beauty,—cross-eyed (did you ever see a cross-eyed dog?), and a little lame, with a rough, wiry, yellow coat, he certainly was not very engaging to look at; but his little master was as fond of him as if he was. Many a ramble and frolic they had together through the long summer days which followed. Hetty called him Fright, because he was a fright to look at; and Johnny, who was quite pleased to think he stayed on any terms, didn't object to his title.

One morning the little boy told his mamma he was going into the woods to pick raspberries; so taking some lunch, and a bright little tin pail to

pick the fruit in, he started. He found the berries as thick as the leaves, and he soon gathered his pail full. Then he played tag with the dog, only Fright would catch him nearly every time, and when Johnny chased him, he would run as fast as he could, and then stop suddenly, right in his path, throwing the little fellow down, and causing some hard knocks. That would vex Johnny a little, but then he would remember that Fright was only a dog, and had no reasoning powers, and so knew no better, and so he would throw down the stick he had seized to punish him with, and they would have another trial of speed together.

He had played until he was tired, and had sat down on a log to rest. He leaned his head back against a tree, and fell asleep, while Fright curled up at his feet. He had not slept long, when the sun got round into his face, and woke him. He sprang up quite startled for a moment, and as he jumped he heard a strange hissing, singing noise, which he thought was a spider making his web.

"He sounds awful loud, anyway," thought the little fellow.

Nearer and louder it sounded, and he stood upon the log to see if he could see it in the bushes, when to his horror he saw a huge rattlesnake coiled, ready to spring. He screamed as loud as he could, and Fright bounded up, and in a breath he had seized the snake behind the neck, and was biting and shaking it with wondrous vigor. The snake writhed and twisted, and lashed its tail madly in the leaves, striving to bite the brave dog, who held on, and tossed it around until it was dead.

Oh, how Johnny laughed and patted his head, and promised him ever so much good dinner for saving his life. The dog had not received any injury. Johnny's mother was so thankful that her dear little boy's life had been saved by the fidelity of the dumb brute, that from that day forth she made an especial pet of the rough, ill-favored animal, and henceforth no dog ever lived that fared better, or was more beloved than Johnny's once despised *protégé*.—*Western Rural*.

The Robin's Note.

The other morning a man was being conveyed to prison, there to remain for long, long years. He walked the streets with irons on his wrists, and the glorious sun beaming down upon him as it kissed the dew from the leaves of the maple and chestnut. His eye had a sullen, vicious look, and there was something wicked in his very step. The officer halted with him for a moment just where the eye could trace a beautiful street for a full mile, with every green tree holding its leaves up to be kissed by the warm sun. Just then, a robin left its nest in the branches above their heads and uttered its loudest, happiest notes in praise of the glorious morning. The man looked up, then around him, and such a change came to his face that the officer was amazed. The bad look had left the eyes, the hard lines went away, and there was a quivering of the chin as he whispered,—

"And I have got to be shut up from all this!"

The robin sang again, wildly, softly, and so clearly that its notes might be heard a long way off. The prisoner's eyes were full of tears, and he said, in a husky voice,—

"How could I have been so wicked, with such glad notes as those to ring in my ears and make my heart tender."

The man of whom witnesses had said, "He has the heart of a tiger," was broken down in one short moment, and he blushed that men should see the irons on his wrist, and point him out as a criminal.—*Detroit Free Press*.

CRUELTY TO A DOG AND KITTEN.—An Edinburgh policeman named Mackay has been sentenced to pay a fine of 10s. with the alternative of going three days to jail, for having ill-treated a dog by striking it with a baton on the head. At Kilmarnock, four railway servants have each been sentenced to pay a fine of 10s. 6d. for having wantonly killed a kitten.

Fritz and I.

[Selected and rendered into English.]

Mister, please help a poor old man
Who comes from Germany,
With Fritz, my dog, and only friend,
To keep me company.

I have no gold to buy my bread,
No place to lay me down;
For we are wanderers, Fritz and I,
And strangers in the town.

Some people give us food to eat,
And some they kick us out,
And say, "You have no business here,
To stroll the streets about."

What's that you say? You'll buy my dog,
To give me bread to eat?
Mister, I'm poor; but words like that
Please don't again repeat.

What! sell my dog, my little dog,
That follows me about,
And wags his tail so joyously
Whene'er I takes him out?

Just look at him, and see him jump,—
He likes me pretty well,—
And there is something 'bout that dog,
Mister, I wouldn't sell.

The collar? No; there's something else
From which I could not part;
And if that thing was taken away,
I think 'twould break my heart.

"What is it, then, about that dog,"
You ask, "that's not for sale?"
I tell you what it is, my friend:
'Tis the wag of that dog's tail!

[Communicated.]

Did They Understand Each Other?

My young cow had never seen a pig, and my pigs had never seen a cow. The cow was turned out from the barn into the "home lot," and was grazing near the pig-yard. She stopped to look at the pigs, walking slowly towards them. The pigs, with pleased looks and pleasant voice, approached the fence and met the cow. She touched her nose to theirs in a friendly manner, and looked at them a moment, then gave a slight shake of her head, which the pigs seemed to understand as saying, "This will do for this time," for they both left her instantly, and she resumed her grazing. Did they understand each other? N. H.

DEERFIELD.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY in addressing his "brethren in the ministry" says:—

"I should be sorry to think that any one of you will ever fail in any of his endeavors to do good because it would only happen by his not using such endeavors as he ought. As long as any evil remains unremedied, as long as any good remains undone, as long as any offence exists, our efforts should never cease or relax."

He Saved His Own Life.

A TRUE STORY.

A correspondent of ours writes that a member of her family recently noticed a number of boys around a pool of water in which was a little dog, seeming to be in great distress, crying very loud and struggling hard. The little fellow was diving down after something, and presently came up with a brick in his mouth, and around it was a string, and that string was attached to his own neck. Those bad boys were trying to drown him, but the little fellow had sense enough to get the brick in his mouth, swim ashore, and thereby save his own life!

Stable and Farm.

Gentleness with Cows.

Five per cent., and perhaps ten, can be added to the amount of milk obtained from the cows of this country, if the following rules are inexorably followed: 1. Never hurry cows, in driving to and from pasture. 2. Milk as nearly at equal intervals as possible. Half-past five in the morning and six at night are a very good hour. 3. Be especially tender to the cow at milking times. 4. When seated, draw the milk as rapidly as possible, being certain always to get all. 5. Never talk or think of anything beside what you are doing when milking. 6. Offer some caress and always a soothing word when you approach a cow and when you leave her. The better she loves you, the more free and complete will be her abandon as you sit at her side.—*Exchange*.

Horse Pulling at the Halter—Remedy.

Any kind of rope or halter will answer the purpose, having sufficient length to pass around a post and back, passing between the fore legs, under the girth, to the hind leg. Fasten just below the knee joint. Have something on the opposite side of the post to prevent the halter from dropping to the ground, allowing the halter to slide around the post, when the horse commences to pull. The first effort in pulling will bring forward the hind leg, and leave the horse in a sitting posture, unless he should spring forward, which he is almost certain to do. After the first pull, not being fully convinced but what he ought to break loose, he may be induced to try the second time, but the pull will be light. After the second trial, there is no rattle-trap yet invented that could frighten a horse bad enough to make another effort. A few trials will effectually break any horse. It is simple, cheap, and perfectly safe.—*S. M. Moore, in Western Rural*.

Bitting Colts the Wrong Way.

The Rev. Mr. Murray feelingly describes the cruelties of the machine-fashion thus: The colt is let out into a yard, the machine strapped on to his back, the bit of iron or steel jammed into his mouth, the check-rein adjusted, and the colt's head drawn suddenly up into the air, and the trainer stands on one side. The colt, of course, struggles, and rears, and plunges. We have seen all this done in less than two minutes after the "bitting-machine" was adjusted. The results are unnecessary pain, spoiling the colt's mouth till the wounds can heal, souring the colt's temper, and teaching him nothing. Then the machine is left on; the colt stands an hour; perhaps five hours; perhaps all day. For the first few minutes he strives to keep his head up, and the bit loose in his mouth, because it pains him; but pretty soon the head sags; the pain in the over-tasked muscles of the neck is even greater than that caused by the pressure of the bit. Little by little the head droops; heavier and heavier the weight of it is laid upon the bit; and, in the course of an hour or two, the colt stands weary or stolid, the weight of his head and neck laid solidly down upon the bit. The colt is being taught, you see, to "take the bit" with a vengeance. He is actually being educated to "hog on the bit," and be a puller. No method of bitting can be more vicious and villanous than this, inflicting, as it does, torture on the innocent victim, and, in not a few cases, actually putting the animal beyond the reach of future betterment.

MANY a horse is much more strained, bruised, and injured, by endeavoring to rise before he is liberated from the team than by the first fall; the head should not be knelt on, but simply held sufficiently to prevent his knocking it about in his useless endeavors to rise.

Synopsis of the History of the Work.

[Condensed from our May paper.]

As this paper will be seen by many who are unacquainted with the work of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, we give a brief sketch condensed from our "Centennial Number." The purposes of these societies are expressed in the thirty-nine articles of faith in another column.

The first organized effort occurred in France during the time of the first republic. The National Institute of France suggested a prize essay upon the subject. In 1804 an essay by Dr. Grandchamp was published. In 1809, Lord Erskine endeavored to secure a law in England, but failed.

In 1822 Richard Martin secured the enactment of a statute, and in 1824, the first society—the "Royal Society of England"—was formed.

In 1837 the first German society was organized at Stuttgart. The Paris society was formed in 1852. The dates of the formation of other European societies we are unable to give. There are now societies in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, Russia, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Algeria, Austria, Canada, Australia, Norway, Spain, Wales, Argentine Republic, Belgium, Cape Colony, Denmark, Chili, India, and Sweden. In the United States there are 66.

International congresses of these societies have been held at Dresden, in 1861; Hamburg, 1863; Vienna, 1865; Paris, 1867; Zurich, 1869; London, 1874.

Throughout Europe the royal families are patrons of these societies, and they are sustained by the best class of people. The Royal Society of England alone spends more than \$50,000 per annum, and secures about 2,000 convictions each year. By its influence humane literature has been largely increased. It publishes a beautiful monthly, the "Animal World." The Ladies' Education Committee, with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at its head, is accomplishing a great work among children by its distribution of prizes, and in other ways.

We are obliged to omit any detail of the work of other European societies; but they are active, earnest, and progressive.

UNITED STATES.

New York. No organized effort was made in this country till April 12, 1866, when Henry Bergh, Esq., of New York, the pioneer of our cause in America, secured the incorporation of the American society.

Through his exertions effective laws have been passed in New York, and he has given almost his entire time to the work for the last ten years, with an earnestness and a personal courage seldom excelled in time of peace. He has made addresses in various other States, and in other ways helped to create public sentiment on this subject. The society has been generously sustained by donations and bequests. It has one hundred and forty agents and thirteen branches. Cases prosecuted in 1875, by the society and branches, 863; animals taken from work, 1,272; expenditures, \$12,500 for its legitimate work, in addition to expenses upon its real estate. Its headquarters, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, cost nearly \$50,000. Its centennial exhibition is worthy the notice of visitors.

Pennsylvania. Mrs. Caroline E. White, of Philadelphia, encouraged by the success of Mr. Bergh, and assisted by M. Richards Muckle, of the "Philadelphia Ledger," and S. Morris Waln (both of whom had been contemplating like action), took such steps as resulted in the formation of the "Pennsylvania Society" in 1867.

This society (of which Mr. Waln was president for many years, and to whom he gave \$15,000) has twenty agents and four hundred representatives throughout the State. They report more than seventeen hundred cases investigated, and one hundred and fifty-two cases prosecuted, two hundred and fourteen animals mercifully killed last year, and \$7,000 to \$8,000 expended.

The "Woman's Branch Society" (of which Mrs. White has always been president, and a most persevering and energetic worker) was organized April 14, 1869, has eight prosecuting agents, and has devoted much time (in conjunction with the Pennsylvania society) to the question of vivisection and transportation, in addition to which, by arrangement with the city government, it has the care of the Dogs' Home, where about 3,000 dogs are gathered and restored to their owners, sent to good homes, or mercifully killed.

These ladies have also formed bands of mercy in the boys' grammar schools of Philadelphia, offered prizes to the schools for the best compositions on kindness to animals, and made an effort to limit the number of passengers in horse-cars, in view of the crowd at the centennial. Its annual expenditures are about \$7,500.

There are other societies in the State at Lancaster, York, Scranton, and Pittsburg.

Massachusetts. (For a history of the work in this State see other columns.)

California. In 1868 a society was formed in San Francisco, and has continued active. It has published a monthly, but it is now suspended. Its expenses are about one thousand dollars per annum. Societies have also been formed at Petaluma, Oakland, and San Jose.

In 1869, Maine, Maryland, Iowa, Michigan, New Jersey, and Montreal, Canada, commenced work.

Maine has societies at Bangor and Portland. The Bangor society expended \$125 last year, the president and other unpaid officers doing the work. A young ladies' auxiliary society is proposed to aid the parent society. The Portland society has an agent, who investigated last year 875 cases, but his prosecutions were but two; expenditures, \$750.

Maryland. The society at Baltimore has been reorganized, and through its new president, C. P. Montague, active work has been done.

Iowa. A law was passed, and a society formed at Davenport in 1869, but it has been abandoned. The same may be said of Michigan.

Montreal has an active society, employs an agent, prosecutes forty or fifty cases per annum, and expends nearly one thousand dollars.

New Jersey has societies at Newark, Jersey City, Paterson, Trenton, Vineland, Millville, Bridgeton, and Morristown. In these societies the members have power to arrest, and in some localities they are quite active.

Fishkill, N. Y. The society, organized in 1869, was originated by a lady, and relies upon women for keeping up its interest by persuasion and prosecution.

In 1870, Rhode Island, Virginia, Washington, D. C., Minnesota, Missouri, and Quebec, Canada, came forward.

The Rhode Island society is a healthy organization; investigated last year 368 cases, and prosecuted 65. Its expenditures were about \$2,500.

The Ladies' Auxiliary Society is quite active, raises money by fairs, coffee parties, etc., circulates documents, and gives prizes for compositions.

Virginia. A society was formed in 1870 at Waterford, but it soon died, the legislature having failed to grant the charter applied for.

Washington, D. C., is active, through its president, T. F. Gatchell, Esq.

Minnesota. Society organized in 1870. It has been reorganized of late, and a new spirit infused. It investigated twenty-five cases last year, and prosecuted three.

Missouri had a partial organization in 1870, and it was reorganized in 1873.

Quebec organized in 1870, and has continued active. In 1875 about seventy-five cases were investigated, and twenty-four prosecuted. An agent is employed. Expenditures, \$600.

In 1871, societies in New Berne, N. C.; Toledo, O.; Chicago, Ill.; Ottawa, Canada, and some of the New York branches were formed. **The Buffalo (N. Y.) Woman's Branch** has been one of the most energetic societies in the country. It has employed agents, prosecuted freely, circulated

documents, held fairs, secured the delivery of sermons by the clergy, erected fountains, and in many ways promoted the cause, at an expense of at least \$3,000 per annum.

At Sing Sing the work originated with women, and is entirely carried on by them. They employ an agent, who has done valuable work.

Illinois. Mr. Angell spent several months in Chicago for the purpose of organizing the Illinois Humane Society, which he accomplished in January, 1871, by the aid of John C. Dore and others. It has been an active organization, employing agents, publishing a monthly paper, "The Humane Journal," paying special attention to the stockyards, erecting fountains, and making prosecutions.

In 1872, Flushing and Rochester, N. Y., Lancaster, Penn., Portland, Me., Portsmouth, N. H., and Connecticut and Colorado came to the front.

In Flushing the women are the most active. They hold fairs to raise money, and give prizes in the schools for humane compositions, etc.

Rochester has active members, and good work has been done, by a few interested members, mostly ladies. Prosecutions, 44; expenses, over \$900.

Portsmouth, N. H., was the first town in that State to organize a society. It has some very active women members, who make many investigations, circulate humane publications in the schools and elsewhere. It has obtained a new Act of incorporation as the "New Hampshire Society," and when reorganized with officers in all parts of the State, it will become still more effective.

There are other local societies at Concord, Keene, and Weare, which may yet do active work.

In 1873-4-5, a great many societies were formed, of which we can notice but few.

Cleveland has a society maintaining an active agent, who investigated last year sixteen hundred cases; but ten were prosecuted. The expenses of the society were about \$1,300.

Cincinnati's society has shown a good degree of activity, and has effected a great change in public opinion. Investigated, last year, 350 cases, and expended \$1,600.

No laws have been passed, and no societies exist, in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Indiana, Kansas, Mississippi, Nevada, Virginia, and the various Territories, and Vermont and Connecticut have no societies, although they have effective laws.

In Texas, the Galveston Agricultural and Horticultural Association is said to have power to protect animals.

Tennessee is reported to have a society at Nashville, organized in 1871; but we can obtain no particulars.

Wisconsin. Laws have been passed, but no society has been formed. Hon. T. O. Howe, U. S. S., Xavier Martin, of Green Bay, and others, are interested in the subject.

South Carolina. Society incorporated last year, but the legislature failed to pass needful laws.

Louisiana. A society was formed at New Orleans in 1874, but met with decided opposition, and operations are suspended until the constitutionality of the Act can be determined.

Georgia is quite active through the efforts of Miss Louise W. King, who has formed societies, given prizes and circulated documents. **Toronto** investigated last year two hundred and fifty cases, prosecuted fifty-nine, and expended thirteen hundred dollars. **Pittsburg** is well cared for by Zadok Street, superintendent of the society. He is determined to check the cruelty in stock transportation, and has made some prosecutions.

Delaware. The society at Wilmington is fully alive to this work. They have erected fountains, given prizes in the schools, circulated literature, made prosecutions, and promoted the cause in every way.

Whoever writes a sketch of this work years hence, will make an interesting and grateful record, for the cause is sure to advance wherever humanity and Christianity prevail.

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